

DROPSY

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually damaged, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the fluid which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. The "varicose veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The system becomes vitalized and many powerful muscles are restored. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure. No cure, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO RESTRICTION OF BUSINESS.

STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many successfully. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp cutting pains at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or leaving you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. This will not cure you, as it will return the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no restriction from business by our method. The nerves and organs are strengthened, the secretions are regulated, and the blood of manhood returns.

Cures Guaranteed

We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, ALL THE ABOVE. CURE GUARANTEED. FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for CURE. FIVE BLANKS FOR HOME TREATMENT.

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NOTICE

We esteem it a great pleasure to wish the citizens of Chatham, also the residents of Kent, a happy and prosperous New Year. We shall do our part in making you happy by placing upon your table dinner or tea sets, china or glassware, at prices that will make it a pleasure for you to buy them. If you are looking for New Year gifts you should call and see us. We have a lot of china, opal and glassware, just the thing for New Year gifts.

A great reduction in the prices of the above goods will be made until the 2nd of January.

Grocery specials for the day.
Pickles, 9c per bottle.
2 lbs. Broken Leaf Japan Tea, 25c.
1 lb. fresh ground coffee, 15c.
A lot of old soap, 5c bars, at 3c.
Coal Oil, 15c. per gallon.
Oranges, sweet, 25c a dozen.
4 lbs. prunes, 25c.
Corn starch, 6c per package.
Clothes pins, 1c per doz.
All orders promptly attended to.

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A HUNDRED DON'TS FOR NURSES

A Story of Love and Fever.

The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient—a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward—a room that was always like a ship's deck, stripped for action, with its metal bed of white enamel, its metal table and its gray green wall decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily. It was a room of a dim light and a tempered shadow—one of those bare hospital rooms where you feel that the flame of life, though it burns low, burns without a flicker, being protected and watched in its feebleness with no sentiment of love, but with the skilled care and the cool eye of unimpassioned science.

The nurse sat at the bedside, her hands folded in her lap, like a nun at meditation. There was something numlike in her face, in her placidity beside such suffering, in the almost melancholy sweetness of the face of a woman who had looked many times on death, alone at midnight, and who had lived for a long year now in the constant companionship of pain.

But, indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing, with the subconscious alertness of the engineer who will sit and strain an ear to the steam engine and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muttered fretfully. She soothed him with her voice with a murmur of "Yes, yes; go to sleep, then; go to sleep," as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gingham of her uniform with a slow palm in an endeavor to loosen the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry chuckling in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness. She stood looking down at him, smiling with a motherly pity. His eyes were closed.

He had been as self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warnings, while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor outside the door—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling feebly against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him, or a sweetheart, who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand. Although she was not aware of it, he had changed for her; from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest in her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled panting through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate, and another time he had been writing on an examination in law, and still another time she thought that she heard him speak. Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear stained memory of Jim and her father drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the hospital—she would be not only self-supporting, but an aid to the others. . . . There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The untiring roar and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. A lot of old soap, 5c bars, at 3c. Coal Oil, 15c. per gallon. Oranges, sweet, 25c a dozen. 4 lbs. prunes, 25c. Corn starch, 6c per package. Clothes pins, 1c per doz. All orders promptly attended to.

"Kiss me, please," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, auntie." And he tried to raise his head from the pillow. She took her cue from him. "Yes, you can," she cooed. "Go sleepy by, Auntie will tuck you in." She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down. "Night-night," he said contentedly. "Kiss me, please," he said. "Kiss me, please," he demanded. "Kiss me a night-night." And he struggled to free his arm from the covering. "Sh," she said and bent down to him. The linen screen at the foot of the bed hid her from any one who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered. He looked at her with a childish smile, putting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth of perplexity. "Hello, old man," he said. "Where?" He closed his eyes on a frown.

She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slumber. . . . He was sitting in his armchair taking a sun bath at a window that looked out on the dazzling white of melting snows. His visitors had just left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of Nurse Blakeley with an expectation which he might have recognized as longing if his physical weakness had not disguised affection in him as an irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light footed.

"What did he say?" She arranged his pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that, and his gratitude shone in his smile. "I'm to be humored, the doctor said; to have my own way in everything." "Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "Certainly had your own way about a fever." He laughed now at the folly that had made him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That



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fruit!" he said. "That was the most delicious—the most—Do you know, Nurse Blakeley, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was dying for something to eat, and I just took them." She did not reply. "A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added, with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then?" she retorted with obstinate flippancy. She was busy herself about the room. He was watching her every movement with an eye of invalid tenderness. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill?"

She affected a professional cheerfulness in the matter. "Oh, you're well on your way to health," she said. "We'll soon have you back to your friends."

"Name," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had—or want to have." Her cloistered loneliness rose on her in a surge of bitterness.

"Wait till you've been away from here about a month. One feels very dependent and—and affectionate when one is ill. It soon wears off."

"That's the way you always talk," he said moodily; then, brightening, "I'll report you to the doctor. You're not humoring me."

She did not answer. She smiled, having warned of the danger which his mild manner had warned her of. She seated herself in a chair and took up a book which she had put down on the table when his visitors had entered.

"What's that?" he demanded peevishly. "What are you reading?"

"Don't," she answered laconically. "One Hundred Don'ts For Nurses," she read from the cover, "things we are not to do."

"Well, don't worry. Your sins have been all of omission. It's the things you haven't done"—She smiled serenely at the page.

"You might read it out at least," he said. "Let me see." She turned the pages. "I think that is probably included in the prohibitions. Don't let others know the secrets of the profession."

He clutched the arms of the chair. "You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him. He began to read, "Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting." "Don't sit in a rocking chair in any way, and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked about him. The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment.

He read again. "Well, great effort," he cried and looked up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please." He pointed with a thin finger to an accusing, "Don't kiss your patient."

She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap. "Not even delicious patients?" he inquired.

She turned her back on him from the window. "Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could not resist.

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and nothing to say," he said. "I've been puzzling over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up to my senses again. At first I thought it was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blakeley a relative of yours? He was drowned."

She turned from him with a cry of "Jim! Jim was my—my dearest brother." "Good Lord," he gasped and tried to rise. He sank back weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. "What a chump I am," he said at last. "So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den. "How proud he was of you!" The thought of her position there came to him in a shameful contrast. "What a brute I've been," he said, "and what an angel you've been here. To let you wait on me hand and foot like that. What a brute! Jim's sister!"

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand—"forgive me? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it.

She tried to free her fingers. "Take care now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed, and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand, rubbing—giving the whitest clearest clothes. Entirely harmless to the hands. Surprise is a pure hard soap, which means economy.

"Let me go," she said, sobbing. "I—I want to wipe my eyes, you silly."

Her tone was itself a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Three Antelopes at One Shot. One of the most remarkable shots ever reported was made by the late Dr. J. B. Welch of Hudson, Mich.

While out hunting antelopes in Montana, and was surprised one morning to see a herd of the animals appear upon a ridge some 400 yards from camp. At the first movement they scampered away. Welch ran to the top of the ridge and saw that after going a short distance directly from the camp the antelopes had turned and were running so that their broadside was exposed. They were nearly a quarter of a mile away and Welch did not expect to hit when he opened on them with his high power rifle.

His astonishment may therefore be imagined when, on seeing one drop and going to the spot, he found three dead antelopes, each shot through the head. The three had been running side by side, and one bullock had potted the trio.

Voices and Nationalities. Is the Neapolitan musician? I think not; the repetition of two tunes without seeking a change proves something, and the raucous character of the Neapolitan voice proves more. It is a subject for the scientist, this matter of type of voice. Is it food, climate or mode of use that affects it? For example, Russia is the natural home of the basso profundo, Spain is the country of tenors, and has been from the time of imperial Rome, when the Gallician (Catalan) singers brought high prices in the slave market; France produces mezzo sopranos in profusion; England, contraltos; America, sopranos; Naples, pure screamers; and no one as yet knows why.—Musical Record and Review.

His Proficiency as a Linguist. Brown—Are you a linguist? Jones—No, I can read and understand French, German, golf, yacht, baseball and football, but I can't talk 'em.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMAN DREAMING. Next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a happy face. It may be a very little face—one that peeps upon our bosom or sing to sleep in our arms with a lullaby.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that and all the brighter. We linger near it and love to look upon it and say, "Heaven bless this happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when that face is gone.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it which lifts it above the commonplace, and we forget the homeliness of features in the beauty of the soul shining through. There is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face.—Exchange.

Advantages of Foreign Travel. Successful "fance"—Son George got some sense during that foreign tour, any how.

Wife—I hadn't seen it. "I have. You know he spent a good while in Lunnon, as the woodcutters employed by Mr. Suzuki, a match manufacturer. The body of the animal measures one foot and the tail six inches. It is said to possess two large wings, with which it covers the face of the victim whose blood it sucks."

The Vampire. The following is taken from the Japanese papers: "A vampire was caught the other day in a cavity of an old tree in Gisman, near Nagasaki, by the woodcutters employed by Mr. Suzuki, a match manufacturer. The body of the animal measures one foot and the tail six inches. It is said to possess two large wings, with which it covers the face of the victim whose blood it sucks."

Vegetation in Hawaii. Parsley once sown in Hawaii grows forever, apparently. Lima beans continue to grow and bear for over a year, and they have to be gathered every week after starting to bear. Cucumbers bear the entire year, and so do tomatoes, which, with proper attention, bear for years. Raspberries bear for six months.

In the Same Boat. Her Father (to the young man who had been calling with considerable frequency)—I would like to know whether you are going to marry my daughter. Young Man—So would I. Would you mind asking her?

His Courtesy. "So you won't chop the wood?" "I'm afraid," replied Meandering Mike, "that the exercise would start an appetite that 'ud trespass on your hospitality."

A Slim Chance. Willie—Pa, why do they call our last name the murther to name? Pa—Sh! It's because your father never gets a chance to use it.

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Hand Picked Apples 40c a pk.

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Orange Marmalade 2 Jars 25c.

Finest Apricots 20c per lb.

Good Prunes 3 lbs. 25c.

Extra Fine Prunes 2 lbs. 25c.

Mexican Oranges 25c, 25c, 30c per doz.

California Apples, 30c, 35c, 40c per doz.

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Have a bottle of **Radley's Cough Balsam** in the house to catch and cure the cold.

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